Maſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend, and *Lancelet* ſir.

Lan. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of yong M. *Lancelet*.

Gob, Of *Lancelet* an't pleaſe your maſterſhip.

Lan. *Ergo* maſter *Lancelet*, talke not of maiſter *Lancelet* Father; for the yong Gentleman according to fates and deſtinies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch braunches of learning, is indeed deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plain terms, gone to heauen.

Gob. Marry God forbid, the boy was the verie ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Lance. Do I looke like a cudgell or a houell poſte, a ſtaffe, or a prop: do you know me Father.

Gob. Alacke the day, I know you not yong Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy (GOD reſt his ſoule) aliue or dead.

Lance. Do you not know me Father?

Gob. Alacke ſir, I am ſand blinde, I know you not.

Lan. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might faile of the knowing me: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his own child. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your ſonne, giue mee your bleſſing; Trueth will come to light, Murther cannot be hidde long, a mans ſonne may, but at the length trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.

Lance. Pray you let's haue no more fooling about it, but giue me your bleſſing; I am *Lancelot* your boy that was, your ſon that is, your child that ſhall be.

Gob. I cannot thinke you are my ſonne.

Lance. I know not what I ſhall thinke of that, but I am *Lancelet* the Iews man, and I am ſure *Margery* your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is *Margery* indeede, ile be ſworne if thou bee *Lancelet*, thou art mine owne fleſh and blood: Lord worſhipt might

might he be, what a bea
haire on thy chin, then D

Lan. It ſhould ſeeme
ward. I am ſure he had mo
face, when I laſt ſaw him.

Gob. Lord how art th
Maſter agree? I haue bro
now?

Lance. Well, well, but f
reſt to runne away, ſo I wi
My maſter's a very Iew, g
am famiſht in his ſeruice.
my ribs: Father I am glad
to one Maſter *Baſſanio*, wh
ſerue not him, I will runne
rare fortune, here comes t
if I ſerue the Iew any long

Enter Baſſanio w

Baſſ. You may doe ſo,
ready at the fartheſt by fiu
liuered, put the Lyueries t
anon to my lodging.

Lance. To him Father.

Gob. God bleſſe your W

Baſſ. Gramercy, would[

Gob. Here's my ſonne ſir,

Lance. Not a poore boy
ſir, as my father ſhall ſpeci

Gob. He hath a great infe

Lance. Indeed the ſhort
haue a deſire as my Father

Gob. His Maſter and he (
ſcarſe catercoſins.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22297) LONDON, 1600 [1619] UNIVERSITY OF EDINB